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P O E M S,

BY

An Amateur.

[B. ... B. ...]

" NEITHER DID I BUT VACANT SEASONS SPEND
IN THIS MY SCRIBBLE; NOR DID I INTEND
BUT TO DIVERT MYSELF IN DOING THIS
FROM WORSER THOUGHTS."

JOHN BUNYAN.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

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1818.

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Dedication,

TO

LIEUT. COLONEL SIR AUGUSTUS S. FRAZER,

K. C. B. & F. R. S.

COMMANDING THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY IN FRANCE.

THE din of arms hath ceas'd :—and as of yore
The Knight, returning from war's wild uproar,
Doff'd his plum'd helm, and, in the banner'd hall,
Hanging his broad shield on the blazon'd wall,
Exchang'd, well pleas'd, the trumpet's hoarser bray
For the old Minstrel's rude and simple lay ;—
Thus could I wish that poetry of mine
Might lend a charm to vacant hours of thine.
And though, unlike the Harper's loftier song,
Mine win no plaudits from a listening throng,
It hath not flow'd in vain, if it beguile
Thee of one weary hour, or EMMA of one smile.

Feb. 16th, 1818.

P R E F A C E.

SOME time has elapsed since the Prospectus, announcing this volume, was first circulated; and the volume itself is not precisely what that Prospectus announced: an explanation of the delay, and an apology for the variation from the plan proposed, will, it is hoped, be found in the following brief statement.

The Author's motto from honest John Bunyan has not been selected from a mere love of its quaintness, but because it was strictly applicable to his own situation:—all leisure is certainly comparative; but the “vacant seasons” which have recently fallen to the lot of the writer, have been of rarer occurrence than when the publication of these Poems was first contemplated; and it was not till some months after the distribution of his Prospectus that his list of Subscribers authorized him to commit himself to the press.

The variation from the Author's original plan, of including in this volume some poems published in an earlier one, has been adopted from a wish to gratify his readers by presenting them with what was not before in their possession; and the smallness of the impression rendering it proportionably more expensive, was an obstacle to the size of the volume being extended to what was first proposed; the Author, therefore, felt it incumbent on him not to make his Subscribers pay a second time for the same article: had he indeed succeeded, as he at first anticipated, in extending his list of Subscribers to 250 names, the additional quantity of letter-press would have been given, and his own remuneration would at the same time have been greater. These, however, are not, the Author is persuaded, very material considerations with his Subscribers; quality, not quantity, will influence their judgment: in justice to himself, he has accounted for the deficiency of the latter, and the former he cheerfully submits to their candid appreciation.

Among the poems comprized in this volume is one, page 15, which has been by some unac-

countable blunder ascribed to Lord Byron, and indeed circulated pretty extensively as his production. If the Author could divest himself of certain misgivings as to the taste of the person who first ascribed it to his Lordship, he might be a little vain of the error ; but as it is, he considers it to imply a very questionable compliment, and only alludes to the mistake, to express his surprize at its ever having been made. The avowed imitation of the style and manner of the same noble Poet, at page 20, the Author feels himself compelled to notice as such, lest those of his readers, who do not know him, should suppose him to have more of the gall of bitterness in his mental constitution than he conceives creditable to a peaceable personage.

The mottoes which are here and there prefixed to particular poems, have been in every instance quoted from memory ; for any verbal inaccuracies, therefore, the names attached to them are not responsible ; that to the last poem, from George Withers, may at first sight imply a want of deference for the opinion of his readers, to which the Author is not inclined to plead

guilty ; but such an imputation can be but momentary, when he adds, that it is only prefixed in allusion to the well-known scepticism with which a Poet's parting Address to his Muse is always received.

It only remains for the Author to return his cordial and grateful acknowledgments to those, whose names form his small but respectable list of Subscribers : from some among them he has, in the prosecution of his undertaking, received proofs of kindness which it is impossible for him ever to forget, and marks of friendship which he trusts he knows how to value. To be a successful candidate for literary honors, may be a proud and an enviable distinction ; but to hold even occasional intercourse with generous and enlightened minds must be a source of much purer gratification than fame itself can confer.

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P O E M S.

THE VALLEY OF FERN.

THERE is a lone valley, few charms it can number,
Compar'd with the lovely glens north of the Tweed ;
No mountains enclose it where morning mists slumber,
And it never hath echoed the shepherd's soft reed.
No streamlet of crystal, its rocky banks laving,
Flows through it, delighting the ear and the eye ;

On its sides no proud forests, their foliage waving,
 Meet the gales of the Autumn or Summer winds' sigh.
 Yet by me it is priz'd, and full dearly I love it,
 And oft my steps thither I pensively turn ;
 It has silence within, Heaven's proud arch above it,
 And my fancy has nam'd it the Valley of Fern.

O deep the repose which its calm recess giveth !
 And no music can equal its silence to me ;
 When broken, 'tis only to prove something liveth,
 By the note of the sky-lark, or hum of the bee.
 On its sides the green fern to the breeze gently bending,
 With a few stunted trees, meet the wandering eye ;
 Or the furze and the broom their bright blossoms extending,
 With the braken's soft verdure delightfully vie.—
 These are all it can boast ; yet when Fancy is dreaming,
 Her visions, which Poets can only discern,
 Come crowding around, in unearthly light beaming,
 And invest with bright beauty the Valley of Fern.

Sweet Valley ! in seasons of grief and dejection,

I have sought in thy bosom a shelter from care ;

And have found in my musings a bond of connexion

With thy landscape so peaceful, and all that was there :

In the verdure that sooth'd, in the flowers that brighten'd,

In the blackbird's soft note, in the hum of the bee,

I found something that lull'd, and insensibly lighten'd,

And felt grateful and tranquil while gazing on thee.

Yes ! moments there are, when mute nature is willing

To teach, would proud man but be humble and learn ;

When her sights and her sounds on the heart-strings are thrilling ;

And this I have felt in the Valley of Fern.

For the bright chain of being, though widely extended,

Unites all its parts in one beautiful whole ;

In which Grandeur and Grace are enchantingly blended,

Of which GOD is the Centre, the Light, and the Soul !

And holy the hope is, and sweet the sensation,

Which this feeling of union in solitude brings ;

It gives silence a voice—and to calm contemplation,
 Unseals the pure fountain whence happiness springs.
 Then Nature, most lov'd in her loneliest recesses,
 Unveils her fair features, and softens her stern ;
 And spreads, like that Being who bounteously blesses,
 For her votary a feast in the Valley of Fern.

And at times in its confines companionless straying,
 Pure thoughts born in stillness have pass'd through my mind ;
 And the spirit within, their blest impulse obeying,
 Hath soar'd from this world on the wings of the wind :—
 The pure sky above, and the still scene around me,
 To the eye which survey'd them no clear image brought ;
 But my soul seem'd entranc'd in the vision which bound me,
 As by magical spell, to the beings of thought !
 And to HIM, their dread Author ! the Fountain of Feeling !
 I have bow'd, while my heart seem'd within me to burn ;
 And my spirit, contrited, for mercy appealing,
 Hath call'd on his name in the Valley of Fern.

Farewell, lovely Valley!—when Earth's silent bosom

Shall hold him who loves thee, thy beauties shall live;—

And thy turf's em'rald tint, and thy broom's yellow blossom,

Unto loiterers like him soothing pleasure may give.

As brightly shall morning, thy graces investing

With light, and with life, wake thy inmates from sleep;

And as softly the moon, in still loveliness resting,

To gaze on thy charms, thy lone landscape shall steep.

Then, should friend of the bard, who hath paid with his praises

The pleasure thou'st yielded, e'er seek thy sojourn,

Should one tear for his sake fill the eye while it gazes,

It may fall unprov'd, in the Valley of Fern.

STANZAS,

ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT. P——, OF THE R. A.

THERE is a sacred tribute claim'd
 By Nature's parting hour for *all*;
 By Fame applauded, or unnam'd,
There are who live to mourn their fall.

Whate'er their rank, or sex, or age,
 There are to whom they once were dear;
 And when they quit this busy stage,
 They claim their tributary tear.

Death hath his victims too, appealing
 To hearts whom kindred does not bind;
 Save that pure tie of finer feeling,
 Which links congenial mind to mind.

When each proud promise Nature gave
 Of form, of face, of mind, of all,—
 Hath perish'd in the untimely grave,
 Who but must mourn such victim's fall?

Lamented Youth! to Memory's eye
 Thy form now rises on the view;
 E'en as it was in hours gone bye,
 In fairest tints of health's bright hue.

That pallid cheek is kindling still
 With youthful hope's delightful red;
 That eye's bright glance, now cold and chill,
 Still seems its sparkling beams to shed.

Vain, Memory! vain thy partial spell;
 Thou canst not to the eye repair
 The painful void; but thou mayst dwell
 Within our hearts, and lighten there.

In his who feels a Father's woe,
 Sooth Sorrow's deepest, keenest thrill;
 And make him, like old Ormond,* know
 That e'en the dead are lovely still.

And O! in her's, whose patient zeal,
 In the long lingering hours of pain,
 Oft made the sinking sufferer feel
 The force of Nature's severing chain;

In her's, O Memory! gently shed
 Around the past, that soften'd hue;
 Which gives to joys for ever fled,
 A tinge as bright as e'er they knew.

* The Earl of Ormond, when condoled with on the death of his son, Lord Ossory, nobly replied, that he would not exchange his dead son for any living one in Christendom. It was a fine burst of feeling, equally honourable to parent and child.

As when the silent Queen of Night,
By silvery clouds surrounded, beams;
She does not vanish from our sight,
But to the eye still lovelier seems ;

So, round the dead, does Memory fling
A Halo, which endears them more ;
And cherish'd feelings fondly cling
To what seems lovelier than before.

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO WM. WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

BEING A PARODY

ON THE STANZAS PREFIXED TO THE "WHITE DOE."

THERE was a time, with spirits light and gay,
 When simple marvels pleas'd my young desire;
 Then, Wordsworth, in thy page from day to day,
 I found that rapture youthful minds require;
 And, with my elder Sister, o'er thy lay
 Ponder'd, beside our quiet parlour fire :—
 Still finding in thy legendary store,
 Some tale which oftener read, but pleas'd the more.

Then unto virtue pleasing was the smart,
 And the tear precious in compassion shed,
 For her, who pierc'd by Poverty's keen dart,
 Did meekly bear the taunts unmerited,
 Utter'd by Harry Gill; until her heart

Found vent in supplication, short and dread ;
 Awfully mighty in her impotence,
 Trusting to One above for her defence.

Visions I saw, call'd forth by magic spell ;
 With fairy prospects were thy pages fraught ;
 'Till o'er the landscape chilling darkness fell ;—
 And I was by cold, rigid critics taught
 That all my favourite lays were, (truth to tell)
 By reason scorn'd, by manhood reckon'd nought :—
 And thus was train'd to think, with fancied pride,
 Thy once lov'd page to childish lore allied.

To me thy stream of fiction ceas'd to flow ;
 To me thy matchless melody was mute ;
 Awhile seduc'd by bards of loftier show,
 I sought 'mid flaunting flowers for richer fruit ;
 But 'twas not their's such banquet to bestow :—

So I desisted from the vain pursuit,
 And turn'd once more to share with thee, content,
 The blameless fruit of fancies innocent.

It sooth'd me, it beguil'd me then to hear
 Thy *Wanderer's* pious, pure, and lofty strain,
 Address'd to him, who, losing all held dear,
 Retir'd from busy life as full of pain,
 Of pain unmingled ;—with attentive ear
 I heard that pensive moralist explain
 The Christian's comfort in Affliction's hour,
 With all the Poet's, and the Prophet's power.

Then too thy *Village Pastor's* tales could please ;
 Tales told of those now lull'd in dreamless sleep ;
 Their trials past, their humble destinies,
 Gathering fresh interest from each grassy heap ;
 Wakening with every tale those sympathies,

Which in the inmost heart their dwelling keep ;
 And link the loftiest to the lowliest doom,
 Alike the mouldering tenants of the tomb !

Then could the tragic tale of Norton's fate
 Please and instruct ; and o'er the mournful page,
 Which pictur'd that fair lady and her mate,
 Roving the earth in helpless pilgrimage ;
 I hung delighted ; pleas'd to contemplate
 Scenes which have rous'd a critic's harmless rage :
 But sweet to gentler readers, who would bless
 A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
 Whose aim is pleasure, light and fugitive ;
 WORDSWORTH ! 'tis thine the mandate to fulfil
 Which GOD and Nature to the Poet give ;

'Tis thine with magic might, and syren skill,
To bid our better feelings wake and live :—
And for this cause thy hallow'd Muse shall claim
Now, and while time shall last, enduring fame !

MADAME LAVALETTE.

LET Edinburgh critics o'erwhelm with their praises,
 Their Madame de Stael, and their fam'd L'Espinasse,
 Like a meteor at best proud Philosophy blazes,
 And the fame of a wit is as brittle as glass.
 But cheering the beam, and unfading the splendor,
 Of thy torch, wedded Love! and it never has yet
 Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or more tender,
 Than it sheds on the name of the fair Lavalette.

Then fill high the wine-cup! e'en Virtue shall bless it,
 And hallow the goblet which foams to her name;
 The warm lip of Beauty shall piously press it,
 And Hymen shall honour the pledge to her fame.

To the health of the Woman, who freedom and life too
Has risked for her husband, we'll pay the just debt ;
And hail with applauses the heroine and wife too,
The constant, the noble, the fair Lavalette.

Her foes have awarded in impotent malice,
To their captive a doom which all Europe abhors ;
And turns from the slaves of the priest-haunted palace,
While those who replac'd them there, blush for their cause.
But in ages to come, when the blood-tarnished glory
Of Dukes and of Marshals in darkness hath set ;
Hearts shall throb, eyes shall glisten, at reading the story
Of the fond self-devotion of fair Lavalette.

ON THE DEATH

OF

LABEDOYÈRE.

FAREWELL, gallant Soldier! and peace to thy slumbers!

Though nameless, thy tomb long remember'd shall be;

Thou diedst as a traitor, and yet there are numbers

Who shar'd in thy treason, unquestion'd, and free.

Thy treason! say rather, thy patriot ardour!—

It was love of thy country occasion'd thy fall;

And thy fruitless endeavours to save and to guard her,

Should lead every patriot to honour thy pall.

Then think not, bold youth! when survivors shall name thee.

That their cheek the base flush of dishonour shall wear;

They appreciate thy *motives* too justly to blame thee,

And are proud of the memory of brave Labedoyère.

No, thou art not with rebels and traitors confounded

By the brave, the impartial, the wise, or the good ;

They saw treason with rank and with splendour surrounded,

Impatient for vengeance, and thirsting for blood.

They saw those who had clamour'd against usurpation ;

Combining in Priestcraft's and Tyranny's cause,

Turn usurpers themselves ; and, with just execration,

They branded such,—traitors to Liberty's laws :—

But for thee, noble youth ! and thy glory untarnish'd,

The patriot and freeman breath'd many a prayer,

Nor can flagrant injustice, though plausibly varnish'd,

E'er sully the fame of the brave Labedoyère.

Farewell, gallant soldier ! the country that bore thee

May stoop to the yoke which her victors assign ;

Unhallow'd by priests be the turf which rests o'er thee,

And tyrants decree their own rights are divine.

But if France be not lost to all sense of true glory,

If her sons yet are men whom no dangers appal ;

Whoever shall live to recount her strange story,
Will proclaim the proud vengeance she took for her fall.
Then, then in the hour when Freedom shall rally,
When freemen indignant for combat prepare ;
Shall resound o'er each mountain, each mead, and each valley,
The name of the martyr'd, the brave Labedoyère.

STANZAS,

TO HER WHO CAN BEST UNDERSTAND THEM.

BE it so—we part for ever—

Let the past as nothing be;—

Had I *only* loved thee—never

Thou hadst been thus dear to me.

Had I lov'd—and thus been slighted,

That I better could have borne;

Love is quell'd, when unrequited,

By the rising throbs of scorn.

Pride may cool what passion heated;

Time will tame the wayward will;

But the heart in Friendship cheated,

Throbs with woe's most madd'ning thrill.

Had I lov'd—I now might hate thee—

In that hatred solace seek ;

Might exult to execrate thee,

And in words my vengeance wreak.

But—there is a silent sorrow,

Which can find no vent in speech ;

Which disdains relief to borrow

From the heights that verse can reach.

Like a clankless chain enthralling ;

Like the sleepless dreams which mock ;

Like the frigid ice-drops falling,

From the surf-surrounded rock ;—

Such the cold and sickening feeling

Thou hast caus'd this heart to know ;

Stabb'd the deeper, by concealing

From the world its bitter woe.

Once it fondly—proudly deem'd thee
 All that fancy's self could paint;
 Once it honour'd and esteem'd thee,
 As its idol and its saint.

More than woman thou wast to me;
 Not as man I look'd on thee;
 Why like woman then undo me?
 Why heap man's worst curse on me?

Wast thou but a fiend, assuming
 Friendship's smile, and woman's art?
 In thy borrow'd beauty blooming,
 Trifling with a trusting heart?—

If so—wherefore should we sunder?
 Hast thou not my nature chang'd?
 Then regard me not with wonder,
 Through despair with demons rang'd!

By that eye, which once could glisten

With approving glance on me ;—

By that ear, which once could listen

To each tale I told to thee ;—

By that lip, its smile bestowing,

Which could soften sorrow's gush ;—

By that cheek once brightly glowing

With pure friendship's well-feign'd blush ;—

By all these false charms united

Thou hast wrought thy wanton will ;

And without compunction blighted,

Though thou wouldst not kindly kill.

Yet, I curse thee not :—in sadness,

Still I feel how dear thou wert ;

And I would not, e'en in madness,

Doom thee to thy just desert.

Live—and when my life is over,
 Should thy own be lengthen'd long,
 Thou mayst then too late discover
 By *thy* feelings, all *my* wrong.

When thy beauties all are faded ;
 When thy flatterers fawn no more ;
 Ere the solemn shroud hath shaded
 Some regardless reptile's store ;

Ere that hour—false Syren ! hear me ;—
 Thou mayst feel what I do now ;
 While my spirit, hovering near thee,
 Whispers friendship's broken vow.

But 'tis useless to upbraid thee
 With thy past or present state,—
 What thou *wast*—my fancy made thee ;
 What thou *art*—I know too late.

TO THE MEMORY
OF
SAMUEL WHITBREAD, ESQ.

“ Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.”

WORDSWORTH.

WHILE the tempest-tost mariner can but discern,
His guide and his guardian, the pole-star on high;
Regardless of winds and of waves, he may turn
To that bright-rolling orb with a hope-beaming eye.

And thus, amid Europe's convulsive commotion,
We too had our planet, and brilliant its blaze;
It shone o'er its own native isle of the ocean,
In the proud, peerless splendor of primitive days.

O bright was the course of that star in our sky !

Undimm'd by the clouds through which calmly it pass'd ;
 And proud was the orbit it roll'd in on high,
 And holy the radiance which round it it cast.

The oppress'd and the injur'd rejoiced in its rays ;
 The minions of power mark'd its progress with dread ;
 The patriot pursued it with prayer and with praise ;
 And lovely and lov'd was the lustre it shed.

And though it hath suddenly sunk from our sight,
 And those who long watch'd it must mourn for its fall ;
 Yet remembrance shall cling to its dawn with delight,
 And its noon-tide effulgence shall often recall.

O grant that the dark cloud which veil'd its decline,
 In the bright beams of mercy may vanish away ;
 And the star we have lov'd, through Eternity shine
 In glory immortal, which dreads no decay !

THE DOUGLAS.

I THOUGHT, when I saw her, of days when the standard
 Of Douglas wav'd high o'er the fields of the North;
 When the Slogan's* dread yell, both from borough and landward,
 To the "bloody heart's"† aid call'd her veterans forth.

I thought of the days when fierce Archibald flourish'd,
 And bearded his minions to Royalty's face;
 Or exil'd, and outlaw'd, in solitude nourish'd,
 With spirit unbending, the pride of his race.

With those dreams of the past, were by fancy connected,
 Scenes grand and terrific as Rosa might draw;
 Deep glens, cloud-capt mountains, and clansmen collected
 At the hest of the chieftain, whose word was their law.

* The gathering cry of a clan.

† The standard of the Douglas family.

In fancy I saw the dread war-cross uprearing,
 Heard the shout of the vassals to conquer or die ;
 Belted plaids, and blue bonnets, by hundreds appearing,
 And the target and claymore uplifted on high.

Such the sights and the sounds, which, in chivalrous glory
 Rose bright to my vision on viewing the fair ;
 But short time I gaz'd, ere the poet's proud story,
 With the splendors it usher'd, had melted in air !

'Twas a Douglas I own ; and she might be descended
 From the haughtiest and bravest recorded of yore ;
 But in *her* gentle glance were expressively blended
 Emotions which pleas'd and enchanted me more.

'Twas the kind glance of pity, so tenderly beaming
 Like the sun through a cloud on a chill April morn ;
 Or like moonlight's meek smile, on a wintry lake gleaming,
 Which softens the landscape, else drear and forlorn.

And thus look'd the Douglas, when hunger appealing
 To charity's aid, rais'd its uplifted eye;
 Though trivial the pittance, 'twas given with feeling,
 And for that feeling's sake stands recorded on high.

Nor would I the bliss of the moment have barter'd,
 So dear is the pleasure compassion can yield,
 For all the bright visions which fancy uncharter'd
 Hath painted of Douglas in camp or in field.

For thee, lovely Girl, who hast won from a stranger
 This tribute of praise;—blessings rest on thy head!
 May God be thy guardian through grief and through danger,
 And angels watch over the path thou shalt tread!

The throbs of compassion still carefully cherish,
 As pledges of good to thy youthful heart given;
 Nor shall they with youth's cloudless happiness perish,
 But keep that heart pure for the visits of heaven!

S T A N Z A S,

TO M. P.

MARY! I wake not now for thee
 My simple lyre's rude melody,
 As once I touch'd its strings,
 With joyful hand; for then I thought
 That many years, with rapture fraught,
 Might yet be thine; which should have brought
 Fresh pleasures on their wings.

But HE, who gave thee vital breath,
 Sovereign supreme of life and death!
 Hath visited thy frame
 With sickness, which forebodes thy end;
 And heaven-ward now thy prospects tend,
 And soon thy spirit must ascend
 To God! from whence it came.

Well,—HE is good ! and surely thou
 Mayst well in resignation bow,
 And gratefully confess ;
 That this, his awful, wise decree,
 Though hard to us, is kind to thee ;
 Since Death's dark portals will but be
 The gate of happiness.

Then start not at its transient gloom ;
 Let Faith and Hope beyond the tomb
 Their eagle glances fling :—
 Angels unseen are hovering nigh,
 And seraph hosts exulting cry
 “ Oh, Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 “ Oh, Death ! where is thy sting ? ”

For soon, before Jehovah's throne,
 Thy soul redeeming love shall own ;
 And join the sacred choir,

Who to the Lamb their anthems raise,
 And tune their harps to deathless lays
 Of humble, grateful, holy praise ;
 While listening saints admire.

And oh ! may I, who feebly wake
 My lyre's last murmurs for thy sake,
 With joy that lyre resign ;
 Then call a loftier harp my own,
 Whose chords are strung to God alone,
 And wake its most exalted tone,
 In unison with thine !

The amiable Girl to whom the preceding Verses were addressed, is now no more :—but the memory of some delightful hours spent in her society, makes me desirous of preserving this last tribute to her worth.

AUTUMN,

COMPOSED WHILE WALKING ON A FINE OCTOBER MORNING IN
THE GROUNDS BELONGING TO MARTIN COLE, ESQ.

WHEN is the aspect which Nature wears
The loveliest and dearest?—say, is it in Spring?
When its blossoms the apple-tree beauteously bears,
And birds on each spray are beginning to sing?
Or is it in Summer's fervid pride?
When the foliage is leafy on every side,
And tempts us at noon in the green-wood to bide,
And list to the wild bird's warbling?

Lovely is Nature in seasons like these;
But lovelier when Autumn's tints are spread
On the landscape round; and the wind-swept trees
Their leafy honours reluctantly shed:—

When the bright sun sheds a watery beam
On the changing leaves, and the glistening stream ;
Like smiles on a sorrowing cheek that gleam,
When its woes and cares for a moment are fled.

And such is the prospect which now is greeting
My glance, as I tread this favourite walk ;
As the frolicsome sunbeams are over it fleeting,
And each flowret nods on its rustling stalk :—
And the bosom of Deben is darkening and lightening,
When clouds the crests of its waves are whitening,
Or bursts of sunshine its billows are brightening,
While the winds keep up their stormy talk.

Of the brightness and beauty of Summer and Spring
There is little left, but the roses that blow
By this friendly wall ;—to its covert they cling,
And eagerly smile in each sunbeam's glow :

But when the warm beam is a moment withdrawn,
 And the loud whistling breeze sweeps over the lawn,
 Their beauteous blossoms, so fair and forlorn,
 Seem to shrink from the wind which ruffles them so.

Poor wind-tost tremblers! some months gone by,
 You were fann'd by breezes gentler than these;
 When you stretch'd out your leaves to a summer sky,
 And open'd your buds to the hum of bees:—
 But soon will the winter be past, and you,
 When his winds are gone to the north, shall renew
 Your graceful apparel of glossy hue,
 And wave your blossoms in Summer's breeze.

It is this which gives Autumn its magic charm
 Of pensive delight to the thoughtful mind;—
 Its shadowy splendors excite no alarm,
 Though we know that Winter lingers behind:—

We rejoice that Spring will again restore
Every grace that enchanted the eye before ;
And we feel that when Nature's first bloom is o'er,
Her dearest and loveliest aspect we find.

The autumnal blasts, which whirl while we listen,
The wan, sear leaf, like a floating toy ;—
The bright round drops of dew which glisten
On the grass at morn ;—and the sunshine coy,
Which comes and goes like a smile when woo'd ;
The auburn meads,—and the foamy flood,—
Each sight and sound, in a musing mood,
Give birth to sensations superior to joy.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

H—— M——.

“ Meek Saint! by patience purified on earth:—

In whom * * * * *

The ghastly face of cold decay put on

A sun-like beauty, and appear'd divine.”

WORDSWORTH.

FAREWELL! but O think not thy memory shall perish!

It shall shine through our hearts as thy virtues have done;
And affection and friendship its lustre shall cherish,
As bright and as clear as the calm setting sun.

We mourn not for thee; though too early thou’st left us,
Thou hadst nothing to do but to die, and be blest:—
For Death, which has thus of thy presence bereft us,
Was to thee but the herald of quiet and rest.

Well, peace to thy slumbers! that peace the world gives not;
 And visions of bliss through the night of the tomb:
 Till thou wak'st in that heaven where pale sorrow lives not,
 But pleasures immortal around thee shall bloom.

I remember when prospects as bright and unclouded,
 As thy own peaceful heart, seem'd thy heritage here;
 And I sigh'd, for thy sake, when adversity shrouded
 A landscape so lovely, so calm, and so clear.

But 'tis over!—and now unto Faith's piercing vision
 The clouds are dispersing which darken'd before;
 Through Death's gloomy portal shine prospects elysian,
 A vista which sorrow shall shadow no more.

Farewell! then, once more:—angels watch o'er thy slumbers!
 Till eternity's dawn on thy waking shall shine;
 And O! may the Poet, when Death stills his numbers,
 Sink to sleep as inviting, as tranquil as thine!

TO
MY PEARL SNUFF-BOX.

MEMENTO of moments recurr'd to with pleasure ;

Of hours when fancy and friendship were free ;

Deposit most dear of a snuff-taker's treasure ;

Thou shalt *not* pass unsung or unhonour'd by me.

Though nonsensical nicety dirty may deem thee,

And finical folly survey thee with scorn,

As a friend and companion I love and esteem thee ;

Like the rose in thy perfume, but lacking its thorn.

And more to my partial taste to endear thee,

Thou wast given me by one, whose remembrance must blend

With my thoughts when I touch, and I feel when thou'rt near me,

Thou'rt a talisman to put me in mind of a friend.

But thy beauties alone might well purchase the praises

Of a muse more melodious, more lofty than mine ;

For *each* way I turn thee, the eye, while it gazes,
 Sees varying shades on thy surface combine;—
 Now white as the wing of the dove is thy whiteness,
 Anon thou art yellowish, bluish, or green;
 One minute thou'rt dull; the next beaming with brightness,
 Like a light fleecy cloud is thy silvery sheen:—
 Fair Flora has fondly and sportively crown'd thee,
 With trophies engraven her triumphs to tell;
 Plutus provided the rim that runs round thee;
 And Neptune or Thetis has furnish'd thy shell.

Combining such charms, and containing a treasure,
 Which the noseless or nerveless alone can disdain:
 I regard thee with feelings of pride and of pleasure,
 And at every fresh pinch I could praise thee again.
 Thou and I, though but recently known to each other,
 Are pledg'd not to sever "till death us do part;"
 And we'll jog on together, as brother with brother,
 For I cannot but love thee, mere toy as thou art;—

Why should I not love thee, and crown thee with laurel ?

Thou'rt a friend whom no censure or slander can touch,
Ever prompt to give pleasure, too quiet to quarrel ;

Of how few amongst men can the Muse say as much !

STANZAS,
ON
THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

THOUGH parental affection lament thee,
And anguish, which loves to recal
Thy image, may oft represent thee
As the fairest and loveliest of all :
Although I must feel for such sorrow,
There is so much of bliss in *thy* lot ;
That pain from thee pleasure may borrow,
And joy could not wish thee forgot.

When childhood, by sin yet untainted,
Gives up life, which it scarcely hath gained ;
And, ere with affliction acquainted,
Hath its end and its object attained ;

There is so much of sweet consolation
 To soften the sorrow we feel ;
 While we mourn the severe dispensation,
 We bow to the hand which can heal.

Death comes not to such in his terrors,
 His pains are half pangless to them ;
 Crimes have not succeeded to errors,
 Nor conscience been roused to condemn.
 The prospect before and behind them
 Awakes not one heart-stinging sigh ;
 The season of suffering assign'd them
 May be bitter, but soon is gone by.

There is much to relieve and restore us
 To peace, when the Child which we loved,
 Hath ascended to glory before us,
 Not *unblest*,—though in mercy *unproved* !

Fond fancy gives birth to the feeling
 That part of ourselves is at rest ;
 Hope, humble, yet holy and healing,
 Sheds its balm in the yet bleeding breast.

Who knows but the beings who bound us
 With tenderest ties to this world,
 Though unseen, may be hovering around us,
 With their cherub-like pinions unfurl'd ?
 Although not to our senses permitted
 To be visible, still they are near ;
 And the feelings they prompt are most fitted
 To dry up the sorrowing tear.

They tell us that change of existence
 Has not sever'd, but strengthen'd each tie ;
 And, that though we may think them at distance,
 Yet still they are spiritually nigh.

There yet is an unbroken union,
Though Mortality's curtain may fall ;
And souls may keep up their communion
Through the GOD of the spirits of all !

H Y M N,
COMPOSED FOR THE CHILDREN OF A
SUNDAY SCHOOL.

O THOU! to whom the grateful song
Of prayer and praise is due,
Hear, we entreat, our childish throng,
And grant thy blessing too.

On those who have so kindly strove
Thy precepts to instil;
Who strive to teach us how to *love*,
And *do* thy holy will;

On such, O LORD! thy mercies shed,
Who, in this world of woe,
Like fountains, with fresh waters fed,
Bear blessings as they flow.

And may we, planted by such streams,
Like flowers, which love to lave
Their bending branches in the beams
Which warm their parent wave:—

May we, thus blest, yet humbly bow
To THEE, the Source of Love!
And drawing nurture from below,
Breathe brightness from above.

Then shall we, while on earth we live,
To thine a comfort be;
And wither—but through death to live
An endless life with THEE!

TO THE MEMORY

OF

S—— C——.

O DOUBT not thy memory liveth
In the hearts of survivors on earth !
And soothing the pleasure it giveth
To mourners who muse on thy worth.

But, though we can never forget thee,
And though we believe thou art blest,
We cannot but deeply regret thee,
And long shall thy loss be confest.

For thine was a mind richly gifted
 With talents not frequent in youth ;
 Yet by vanity never uplifted
 Above usefulness, meekness, and truth.

We had hopes it was pleasure to nourish ;—
 (Then how should our sorrow be mute ?)
 That those bright buds of genius would flourish,
 And burst into blossoms and fruit :—

But our hopes and our prospects are shaded,
 For the plant which inspir'd them hath shed
 Its foliage, all green and unfaded,
 Ere the beauty of spring-time hath fled.

Like foam on the crest of the billow,
 Which sparkles, and sinks from the sight ;
 Like leaf of the wind-shaken willow,
 Though transiently, beauteously bright ;—

Like dew-drops, exhal'd as they glisten ;

Like perfume, which dies soon as shed ;

Like melody, hush'd while we listen ;

Is memory's dream of the dead.

But if such be the objects resembling

The glimpses we saw of thy soul ;

How much more *enduring* the emblem

Its hopes and its prospects unrol !

That bird, which by bards is recorded,

As deathless, and all but divine,

Is now the fit emblem afforded

Of spirits immortal as thine.

Redeem'd by the God who first made thee,

Unto whom be the glory alone ;

With the Tree of Life only to shade thee,

From the brightness encircling his throne ;

Henceforth thou art rank'd with the daughters
To whom the "new song" hath been given;
Whose voice, like the voice of vast waters,
Everlastingly echoes in heaven!

TO
A DAISY.

MEEK mute memorial of that power,
Who decks fair Summer's brightest bower
 With every lovely hue;
Thus early venturing forth alone,
Ere Winter's wildest blasts have blown,
Accept, what justly is thine own,
 A tribute fond as true.

Not in the blythe and budding Spring,
When thousand flowers are blossoming
 All brightly in the sun;
Can they, combin'd, afford to me
The train of thoughts thou bring'st with thee;—
Nor can they touch the tender key
 Of feeling, thou hast done.

No, no ! the very lavishness
 Of Nature, by its own excess,
 Cheapens the chaste delight,
 Which I admire and love thee for ;—
 Since thou hast no competitor,
 No flaunting rival, to withdraw
 From thee our partial sight.

In lonely loveliness and pride,
 Without one flowret by thy side,
 Thou brav'st bleak Winter's wrath ;
 There's not one green leaf in the grove,
 But every branch is bare above,
 And wither'd leaves, as on I rove,
 Are scatter'd o'er my path.

In that cold cheerless nook of thine
 Scarce can a struggling sunbeam shine,
 If such should venture forth ;

And when that wintry sun's last beam
 Hath shed its glimmering, transient gleam ;
 The chill, cold moon, I scarce can deem
 Will recompense thy worth.

Well may thy doubtful destiny
 Prompt pensive, boding thoughts in me,
 Thou frail and feeble elf ;
 Beholding, in this lot of thine,
 Much similarity to mine,
 I can but view thee as a sign,
 And symbol of myself.

Thus, thirty years and more ago,
 Into this world of varied woe,
 And on this very day ;
 I, like thyself, a stranger came,
 Unconscious of a thought or aim,
 Which innocence might blush to name,
 Or virtue to betray.

Like thee I was not born to shine ;

For humble was my lot, as thine ;

As shelter'd and obscure ;

But I have learnt, and thou mayst yet,

Ere thrice yon Winter's sun is set,

That all which lives incurs a debt

Of misery, stern and sure.

No nook so narrow, lot so low,

Where man can flourish, flower can grow,

Secure in happiness ;—

Mental or elemental strife,

With ruthless desolation rife,

Or soon, or late, will teach that life

Is doom'd to wretchedness.

Yet thou mayst boast, sweet transient Star !

A happier doom than man's by far ;—

Thou reck'st not of thy doom :—

Thou op'st thy bosom with delight,
 'Mid wither'd leaves a spot of white ;—
 Heedless how soon the chilling blight
 May blast thy transient bloom.

Provided thou canst live thy hour,
 Thou hast no care—O happy flower !
 Were but man's lot like thine !
 Could he, like thee, no future dread ;
 But know, that when his leaf was shed,
 With life, all hope and fear were fled,
 He need not then repine.

But he as frail, less fair than thou,
 If doom'd, alas ! to suffer now,
 Woes known to few or none ;—
 And having suffer'd deeply here,
 Is haunted by that dreadful fear
 Which whispers to the Spirit's ear
 Of sufferings but begun !

STANZAS,

TO A LADY,

WHO PROMISED THE AUTHOR TO SUBSCRIBE, IF IT WERE WITH
HER LAST GUINEA.

THANKS, Lady ! for no one can surely deny
Such a Patroness justly may claim them ;
And, the hopes of the Bard all his doubts may defy,
When a promise like this comes to shame them.

'Tis not that the poet such language could take
In its vulgar and literal meaning ;
'Twould be paltry to throw for so precious a stake,
And to lucre be servilely leaning.

Nor should I that promise, so playful, have prized
As a matter-of-fact declaration ;
But had I its spirit and meaning despised,
It must have disgrac'd my vocation.

It meant nothing more then, than, out of that hoard,
On which some for *its own* sake had doated ;
Of those guineas which merely for trifles were stored,
The last should to song be devoted.

Then, thanks to thee, Lady ! as fitting and fair ;
And beshrew the base churl who refuses
To echo her praise, who from trifles will spare
One guinea to give to the Muses !

STANZAS,
TO A FRIEND.

THOU dost not need that verse of mine
Should speak my thanks, or paint thy worth ;
And yet a friendship firm as thine
May bear what gratitude gives birth.

Thou art not like those flowers that ask
The aid of art—as frail as fair ;
Which in conservatories bask,
But wither in the open air :

These stem no storm, and brook no blast ;
Though bright their blossoming may be ;
Their perfume pleases—and is past—
And can such things be types of thee ?

They cannot!—but I've seen, ere now,
 On some wild ruin, moss'd and grey;
 A flower as fair, as sweet as thou,
 Blessing with bloom its latest day.

And while its loveliness hath lent
 Fresh beauty to that mouldering wall;
 It seem'd as if its sweets were sent
 To make up for the loss of all.

The winds might howl—the ruin rock—
 It flourish'd, fearlessly, and fair;
 It shrunk not from the impending shock;
 It spoke defiance to despair.

And thus—in seasons dark and drear,
 When I have felt—how oft, alas!
 With many a mute, foreboding fear,
 The ruin of what once I was;

Thy friendship, like that faithful flower,
 Surviving much—defying all—
 Hath caus'd on sorrow's saddest hour
 Some streaks of happier hue to fall.

Heaven bless thee for it! and believe
 That HE, who bids the gentle dew
 Refresh the wall-flower every eve,
 And morning sunbeams warm it too :

O doubt not HE will doubly bless
 What purest friendship hath inspir'd ;
 And, for its worth, and faithfulness,
 Return—what it hath not requir'd.

And long may I, by fate bereft
 Of much, most justly dear to me ;
 Still fondly learn its frowns have left
 For soothing thoughts a theme in thee !

LINES,

WRITTEN PREVIOUSLY TO THE PUBLICATION OF

LALLA ROOKH.

SUNSHINE and moonshine, by hook or by crook ;
With bowers and flowers, and many a brook ;
Fairy regions which never were dreamt of by Cook ;
Rosy lips, rosy cheeks too, and tresses, which shook
By the amorous breezes, enchantingly look ;
With bright eyes which glance into every nook,
Speaking language which might even puzzle Horne Tooke,
If Purley his spirit from Pluto could hook ;—
In short you can't guess what you'll find in the book,
Which Tom Moore has written, and call'd Lalla Rookh !

SONNET

TO THE DEBEN.

THOU windest not through scenery which enchants
 The gazer's eye with much of grand or fair ;
 Yet on thy margin many a wandering pair
 Have found that peaceful pleasure nature grants
 To those who seek her in her humbler haunts,
 And love and prize them, because she is there :—
 May I then, now the setting sunbeam slants
 Upon thy bosom, in those pleasures share ?
 Thanks unto Nature, she hath left me yet
 Some of those better feelings which were born
 In childhood :—may their influence never set ;
 But may it be as gradually withdrawn
 As yon sun's beams from thee ;—chiding regret
 By the bright promise of a cloudless morn.

EPITAPH,
IN
BURY ST. EDMUND'S CHURCHYARD.

HERE lies interr'd the Body of
Mary Singleton,
a young Maiden of this Parish,
aged nine years,
born of Roman Catholic Parents,
and virtuously brought up;
who, being in the act of prayer,
repeating her Vespers,
was instantaneously kill'd by a flash of
Lightning,
Aug. 16th, 1785.

VERSES,

SUGGESTED BY THE PERUSAL OF THE PRECEDING.

WHEN Siloam's tower in fragments strew'd the ground,
 And by its fall spread awe and terror round ;
 Think ye that they, on whom the ruin fell,
 Were worse than those who liv'd their fate to tell ?
 I say unto ye, nay !—That righteous God,
 Who rules the nations with his awful nod,
 Without whose knowledge not a sparrow dies ;
 Looks not on such events with human eyes :—
 The bolt he hurls, by boundless mercy sped,
 Oft strikes the saint's, but spares the sinner's head ;
 And while frail mortals scan effect and cause,
 His love pursues its own unerring laws,
 Gives the glad saint his final recompence,
 The sinner spares, perchance for penitence.

What though the storm might rise, the clouds might lower,
 And muttering thunders mark the vesper hour ;
 What though the little suppliant might be taught
 A form of faith, with numerous errors fraught ;
 Yet HE, whose eye is on the heart alone,
 The guileless homage of this child might own ;
 And, 'mid the terrors of a stormy even,
 Call, with approving smile, her soul to heaven !

While simple Mary, innocently bold,
 With virtuous diligence her vespers told ;
 Who knows how many votaries of a creed,
 Which teaches purer faith in word and deed,
 With hands uplifted, but with hearts unmov'd,
 Proffer'd their supplications unapprov'd ?
 Nay, they might even, when the storm was o'er,
 Shortsightedly this damsel's fate deplore ;
 And blindly deprecate *her* dreadful doom,
 Thus early crown'd with glorious martyrdom.

Not so, sweet Girl, would I, a nameless Bard,
 Thy happy, holy destiny regard ;—
 To me thou seemst like one, who, early fit
 For heaven, and heaven alone, wert call'd to it ;
 By piety and purity prepared,
 And by thy sacred destiny declared
 In GOD's all-seeing and unerring eyes,
 A spotless Lamb, most meet for sacrifice ;
 And, like Elijah's lot in olden time,
 I own thy end was sudden, but sublime ;
 The car of glory, and the steeds of fire,
 Bore from Elisha's view his sainted Sire ;
 And unto thee, by hallow'd fire from heaven,
 The boon of immortality was given !

TO

THE GALLIC EAGLE.

FAME'S favorite minion !

The theme of her story ;
How quail'd is thy pinion,
How sullied its glory :—

Where blood flow'd like water,
Exulting it bore thee !
Destruction and slaughter
Behind and before thee.

Where glory was blushing,
Thy flight was the fleetest ;
Where death's sleep was hushing,
Thy slumber was sweetest.

When broad swords were clashing,
 Thy cry was the loudest ;
 When deep they were gashing,
 Thy plume was the proudest.

But,—triumph is over ;—
 No longer victorious ;—
 No more shalt thou hover,
 Destructively glorious !

Far from the battle's shock,
 Fate hath fast bound thee ;
 Chain'd to the rugged rock,
 Waves warring round thee.

Instead of the trumpet's sound,
 Sea-birds are shrieking ;—
 Hoarse on thy rampart's bound,
 Billows are breaking.

The standards which led thee
Are trampled and torn now ;
The flatteries which fed thee,
Are turn'd into scorn now.

For ensigns unfurling,
Like sunbeams in brightness ;
Are crested waves curling,
Like snow-wreaths in whiteness.

No sycophants mock thee
With dreams of dominion ;
But rude tempests rock thee,
And ruffle thy pinion.

Thy last flight is taken,
Hope leaves thee for ever ;
And victory shall waken
Thy proud spirit,—never !

“ THEY TELL ME, LOVE, THOU’RT SLEEPING.”

THEY tell me, Love, thou’rt sleeping
In peace among the dead ;—
And cold night dews are steeping
The green grass o’er thy head.

It may be so ;—and yet, Love,—
While thought is fond and free,
Remembrance and regret, Love,
Turn tenderly to thee.

They tell me, Love, thou hearest
Nor sigh nor prayer of mine ;
That he, who once was dearest,
Is now no longer thine :—

And what if it be so,—Love,
 Can it improve my lot?
 Or lull my grief, to know, Love,
 That thou regard'st it not?

O no, Love! let me think then
 Thy spirit holds me dear:—
 Nor shall I wholly sink, when
 I fancy thou art near.

O thou! who wast while living
 My life's most lovely star;—
 In gloomy seasons giving
 Fresh brightness from afar:—

How can I hopeless-hearted,
 Conceive that lovely light
 For ever hath departed,
 And set in endless night?

No, no, my Love! 'tis near still;
And in this world of woe,
Its gentle beauties cheer still
My path with twilight's glow.

Nor would I, Love, surrender
The bright and glorious boon
Of its *declining* splendor,—
For any other's *noon*!

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO SOME FRIENDS GOING TO THE SEA-SIDE.

SINCE Summer invites you to visit once more
The haunts she most loves on the ocean's cool shore,
Where billows are foaming, and breezes are free,
Accept at our parting one farewell from me.

I can easily picture the pleasures in view,
Because before now I have shar'd them with you ;
But unable this season to taste them again,
I must feast on such pleasures as flow from my pen.

Let fancy then give me what fate has denied,
And grant me at seasons to roam by your side ;
Nor will I repine while remembrance can be
Still blest with the moments I've spent by the sea.

The ramble at morning, when morning first wakes,
 And the sun through the haze like a beacon-fire breaks ;
 Illuming to sea-ward the billows' white foam,
 And tempting the loiterer ere breakfast to roam ;—

The stroll after breakfast, when all are got out ;
 The saunter, the lounge, and the looking about ;
 The search after shells, and the eye glancing bright,
 If cornelian, or amber, should come in its sight :—

Nor must I forget the last ramble at eve,
 When the splendors of day-light are taking their leave ;
 When the sun's setting beams with a tremulous motion
 Are reflected far off on the bosom of ocean.

This, this is the time, when I think I have found
 The deepest delight from the scenery round :
 There's a freshness in morning's enjoyments, but this
 Brings with it a feeling of tenderer bliss.

I remember an evening, though years are gone by,
Since that evening was spent ;—to my heart and my eye
It is present by memory's magical power,
And reflects back its light on this far distant hour.

'Twas an evening the loveliest that Summer had seen,
The sky was unclouded, the ocean serene ;
The sun's setting beams so resplendently bright,
On the billows were dancing like streamers of light.

So soothing the sounds were which faintly I heard,
They were sweeter than notes of the night-loving bird ;
And so peaceful the prospect before me, it seemed
Like a scene of delight of which fancy had dreamed.

There's a pensive enjoyment the pen cannot paint ;
There are feelings which own that all language is faint ;
And such on that eve to my heart were made known,
As I mus'd by the murmuring billows alone.

But enough—may your sea-side excursion fulfil
Every hope you have formed, be those hopes what they will;
And may I, although absent, in fancy create
Those joys which on you in reality wait.

SONNET

TO THE DEBEN.

THOU hast thrown aside thy summer loveliness :—
And those who sought thy banks are well content
To spend at home in social merriment
Their wintry day ; no loitering footsteps press
Thy cheerless border ; yet I must confess
I love thee still ; and think an hour well spent
In walking by thee ; for thy winter dress
To many a lonely hour a charm hath lent.—
Instead of summer's sun ; and rippling tide,
Flowing so softly that it seem'd to creep
In silence to thy banks ; are now descried
Dark gathering clouds ; and o'er thy bosom sweep
The wintry winds, until thou seemst to be
To fancy's eye some little inland sea.

STANZAS,

TO

HELEN M—— M——.

“ O! mayst thou ever be, what now thou art,
 Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring;
 As fair in form, as warm, yet pure in heart.”

BYRON.

BELIEVE not that absence can banish
 The memory of moments gone by;
 Could I deem they so lightly would vanish
 I should think on the past with a sigh.
 But thy image was never intended
 The source of one sorrow to be;
 For pleasure and hope are both blended
 In each thought which arises of thee.

'Tis not love—as that passion is painted,
 Its revival I never shall prove ;
 For, long ere we two were acquainted,
 I had ceas'd e'en to think about love.
 The attachment I feel is another,
 'Tis passion from penitence free ;
 And had I to choose as a Brother,
 I would look for a Sister in thee.

Thou need'st not, dear Helen, to doubt me,
 When I fondly and frankly confess,
 That thought in this bosom about thee
 Is busier than words can express.
 And when such ideas are springing,
 They touch such a tone and a key ;
 If my hand on my harp I am flinging,
 Its strings must be vocal to thee.

When the sun, in his rising from ocean,
 Foretels a bright day by his dawn ;
 With eager and joyful emotion
 We exult in the beauties of morn.
 Such thine—be thy noontide the same too,
 And may age, from infirmity free,
 Calm, peaceful, as earth can lay claim to,
 In life's close, be still lovely in thee.

O grant that the picture thus painted,
 The world may not wantonly mar !
 Keep thy soul in its whiteness untainted,
 And may innocence still be its star.
 Then whatever the station assign'd thee,
 Though distant that station may be ;
 The remembrance of friends left behind thee
 Shall dwell with delight upon thee.

For affection bids distance defiance,
 Its ardour no absence can change ;
And the links of its holy alliance
 Can reach through creation's vast range.
Those links have so lovingly bound us,
 That, when thou art far over sea,
Thy image shall hover around us,
 And tenderly whisper of thee.

FANCY AND IMAGINATION.

THERE is a pleasure, now and then, in giving
 Full scope to Fancy and Imagination ;
 And, for a time, to seem as we were living
 In fearless, incorporeal exultation,
 Amid sweet scenes of the mind's own creation.
 Why should we not?—we surely need not deem
 That man forgets the duties of his station,
 Because he cherishes the lovely gleam
 Thrown on life's thorny path by fancy's brilliant beam.

No gift of GOD was given without its end :—
 And had it not been right that we should see,
 As through this world's bleak wilderness we wend,
 Beyond the reach of dull reality ;

Imagination, fearless, fond, and free,

Had not been given us ; it has ;—and why ?

But to enable us at times to be

Partakers of those raptures pure and high,

Unearthly beings bring before our mental eye.

The danger of such dear delights is this :—

'Tis sweet to soar, but dreary to descend ;—

To exchange for real bale, ideal bliss,

And see the beauteous forms which round us blend

In airy loveliness, no more befriend

The heart they lighten'd, vanishing afar !—

True, it is painful ! but, think we to mend

Our mortal destiny, or rather mar,

By quenching in our minds each brightest, loveliest star ?

The Patriarch, who laid him down to rest,

And saw in holy visions of the night,

'Mid opening clouds the angelic host confest,

Ascending and descending in his sight,

Those golden steps so glitteringly bright,
 Which led from earth to heaven ; from heaven to earth ;
 Did he, repining at the morning light,
 Arraign the Power which gave those phantoms birth ?
 No ! with adoring heart he humbly own'd their worth.

O hallow'd Fancy ! sweet Imagination !
 Although your blessings unto me have been
 Not pure and unalloy'd ; my admiration,
 My love of you, is not the less I ween.
 Still gild at intervals life's clouded scene ;—
 And though your lofty glories brightly breaking
 On my mind's eye, be “ few and far between,”
 May I, in dreams at least, your powers partaking,
 Woo your sublime delights, and bless you on my waking.

PLAYFORD,

A DESCRIPTIVE FRAGMENT.—1817.

HAST thou a heart to prove the power
Of a landscape lovely, soft, and serene?
Go—when its fragrance hath left the flower,
When the leaf is no longer glossy and green;
When the clouds are careering across the sky,
And the rising winds tell the tempest nigh,
Though the slanting sunbeams are lingering still,
On the tower's grey top, and the side of the hill;—
Then go to the village of Playford, and see
If it be not a lovely spot;
And, if Nature can boast of charms for thee,
Thou wilt love it, and leave it not,
Till the shower shall warn thee no longer to roam,
And then thou wilt carry its picture home;
To feed thy fancy when far away,
A source of delight for a future day.

Its sloping green is verdant and fair,
And between its tufts of trees
Are white cottages, peeping here and there,
The pilgrim's eye to please :—
A white farm-house may be seen on its brow,
And its grey old hall in the valley below,
By a moat encircled round ;
And from the left verge of its hill you may hear,
If you chance on a Sabbath to wander near
A sabbath-breathing sound :
'Tis the sound of the bell which is slowly ringing
In that tower, which lifts its turrets above
The wood-fring'd bank, where birds are singing,
And from spray to spray are fearlessly springing,
As if in a lonely and untrodden grove ;
For the grey church-tower is far over head ;
And so deep is the winding lane below,
They hear not the sound of the traveller's tread,
If a traveller there should chance to go :—

But few pass there, for most who come
 At the bell's loud summons, have left their home,
 That bell which is tolling so slow.
 And grassy and green may the path be seen
 To the village-church that leads ;
 For its glossy hue is as verdant to view
 As you see it in lowly meads.
 And he who the ascending pathway scales,
 By the gate above, and the mossy pales,
 Will find the trunk of a leafless tree,
 All bleak, and barren, and bare ;—
 Yet it keeps its station, and seems to be
 Like a silent monitor there :—
 Though wasted and worn, it smiles in the ray
 Of the bright warm sun, on a sunny day ;
 And more than once I have seen
 The moonbeams sleep on its barkless trunk,
 As calmly and softly as ever they sunk
 On its leaves, when its leaves were green ;

And it seem'd to rejoice in their light the while,
 Reminding my heart of the patient smile
 Resignation can wear in the hour of grief,
 When it finds in Religion a source of relief,
 And stript of delights which earth had given,
 Still shines in the beauty it borrows from heaven !

But the bell hath ceas'd to ring ;—

And the birds no longer sing ;—

And the grasshopper's carol is heard no more ;—

Yet sounds of praise and prayer

The wandering breezes bear,

Like the murmur of waves on the ocean shore.

All else is still !—but silence can be

More eloquent far than speech ;

And the valley below, and that tower and tree,

Through the eye to the heart can reach.

Could the sage's creed, the historian's tale,

Utter language like that of yon silent vale ?

As it basks in the beams of the sabbath-day,

And rejoices in Nature's reviving ray ;
 While its outstretch'd meadows, and autumn-ting'd trees
 Seem enjoying the sun, and inhaling the breeze.
 And hath not that church a lovely look
 In the page of this landscape's open book ?
 Like a capital letter, which catches the eye
 Of the reader, and says a new chapter is nigh ;
 So its tower, by which the horizon is broken,
 Of prayer, and of praise, a beautiful token,
 Lifts up its head, and silently tells
 Of a world hereafter, where happiness dwells.
 While that scathed tree seems a link between
 The dead and the living !—'Tis barren and bare,
 But the grass below it is fresh and green,
 Though its roots can find no moisture there :—
 Yet still on its birth-place it loves to linger,
 And evermore points with its silent finger
 To the clouds, and the sun, and the sky so fair !

* * * * * * *

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

The following Verses were written for a Benefit Concert, given on behalf of a
Blind Performer.

SPIRIT of Music ! if from regions, where
Sweet sounds, and hallow'd harps invite thy stay,
We may invoke thee hither ;—O, repair !
And o'er our listening souls thy sceptre sway.

Thine are the animating tones that thrill
The chords of feeling, and the soul of sense ;
Whose potent power, and more than syren skill,
Can rouse to passion, melt to penitence.

And thine those fairy sounds, which, as they float
 In sportive playfulness that mocks control,
 Bear mirth on every laughter-loving note,
 And through the enraptur'd ear enchant the soul.
 Spirit of Music! &c.

How happy is he, to whom nature has granted
 To gaze on the glories which round him she spreads ;
 On the foliage of forests her right hand has planted,
 Or gardens all gay with the beauties she sheds.

When the rose in the sunbeams of morning is blushing,
 And shines through the dew-drops, like beauty in tears,
 He can gaze on her charms ;—and, where fountains are gushing,
 He beholds in its brightness the streamlet that cheers.

When Night in her radiance new worlds is revealing,
 He can lift up his eyes where those beams brightly blend ;
 And O! above all, he can feast on the feeling,
 Which flows through the heart at the sight of a friend.

Though fountains that gush,
 And roses that blush,
 Unseen and unheeded may be ;
 Though the forest's dark gloom,
 And the garden's rich bloom,
 Unveil not their beauties to me.

Though planets on high,
 Which spangle the sky,
 Unknown and unnotic'd may shine ;
 And I know not the face
 Of the friend I embrace,
 Yet many sweet pleasures are mine.

For I have long learnt to distinguish so clearly
 The accents which fall from the lips of a friend ;
 That few can imagine how softly and dearly,
 Through my ear, to my heart, those lov'd accents descend.

And none can conceive, but the blind who have tasted
 The bliss which my bosom now gratefully shares ;
 How the magic of melody, too often wasted
 On the senses of others, can steal upon theirs.

Spirit of Music ! can thy votary be
 Unblest, while wakeful to thy sweetest notes,
 Which hover round him, breathing fresh from thee,
 While Echo on each dying murmur dotes ?

No, no, while love of thee around him brings
 A group like this ; O ! let him fancy still,
 He hears the fluttering of thy fairy wings ;
 And drink the dear delights those sounds distil.

For pure and sweet, as is the crystal stream ;
 Soft as the sigh of love, when love is new ;
 Delightful as the poet's morning dream ;
 Thy empire is—sweet Spirit, then adieu !

“ THE HEAVEN WAS CLOUDLESS.”

THE heaven was cloudless,—the ocean was calm,
For the breeze which blew o’er it scarce ruffled its breast ;
Not a sight, not a sound, that might waken alarm,
Could the eye or the ear of the wand’rer molest.

As I roam’d on the beach, to my memory rose
The bliss I had tasted in moments gone by ;
When my soul could rejoice in a scene of repose,
And my spirit exult in an unclouded sky.

I thought of the past ;—and while thinking, THY NAME
Came uncall’d to my lips, but no language it found ;
Yet my heart felt how dear, and how hallow’d its claim,
I *could* think, though my tongue dare not utter a sound.

I did not forget how with THEE I had paced

On the shore I now trod—and how pleasant it seem'd ;
 How my eye then sought thine, and how gladly it traced
 Every glance of affection which mildly it beam'd.

The *beginning* and *end* of our loves were before me ;—
 And both touch'd a chord of the tenderest tone ;
 For thy SPIRIT, then near, shed its influence o'er me,
 And told me that still THOU wert truly my own.

Yes—I thought at the moment,—how dear was the thought !
 That there still was a union which death could not break ;
 And if with some sorrow the feeling was fraught,
 Yet even that sorrow was sweet for *thy* sake.

Thus musing on thee,—every object around
 Seem'd to borrow thy sweetness to make itself dear ;—
 Each murmuring wave reach'd the shore with a sound
 As soft as the tone of *thy* voice to my ear.

The lights and the shades on the surface of ocean
Seem'd to give back the glimpses of feeling and grace
Which once so expressively told each emotion
Of thy innocent heart, as I gaz'd on thy face.

And, when I look'd up to the beautiful sky,
So cloudless and calm ;—O, it harmoniz'd well
With the gentle expression which spoke in thy eye,
Ere the curtain of death on its loveliness fell !

How proud is the prize which thy virtues have won,
When their *memory* alone is so precious to me,
That this world cannot give, what my soul would not shun,
If it tore from my breast the remembrance of THEE !

TO
THE STAR
OF
THE LEGION OF HONOUR.
A PARODY.

STAR of NAPOLEON ! wont to shed
False glory round thy master's head ;
Thou radiant, but abhorr'd deceit,
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet ;
Wild meteor of infernal birth !
Rising from hell to set on earth !

Souls of the murder'd form'd thy rays ;
And Nature shudder'd at thy blaze ;
The discord of thy frenzied sphere
In groans vibrated on the ear ;
And thy light shone on human eyes,
Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood !
 And swept down empires in its flood.
 Earth shook, and tempests veil'd the sky,
 What time thy fiery orb roll'd by ;
 And the bright star of peace suspended
 Her lustre, till thy course was ended.

Around thee in thy orbit roll'd
 A halo, dreadful to behold ;
 Three various tints, as emblems true,
 Combin'd in its portentous hue ;
 For tyrant power had gather'd them,
 As fit thy lurid orb to gem.

For one the hue of carnage dyed ;
 One with splenetic vapours vied ;
 One was a sickly, dingy white,
 Symbol too just of pallid fright :—
 The three, so mingled, did beseem
 The phantoms of a feverish dream.

Star of NAPOLEON ! thou hast set,
And paid offended Freedom's debt.
That circling halo, too, is gone,
Which round thee in thy glory shone.
Sweet Star of Peace, unveil thy light,
Our tears and blood have wept thy night.

O Freedom ! bless its rising dawn,
And usher in a glorious morn.
For worshippers of Peace are they,
Who most adore thy hallow'd ray ;
And may we, goddess ! ever be
Blest with the smiles of her, and thee !

VERSES

TO

A YOUNG FRIEND.

IF, long ere this, no lay of mine
Has been to thee devoted ;
'Tis not because such worth as thine
Has idly pass'd unnoted.

To charms more transient, tribute due
I oft have cheaply chaunted ;
And auburn locks, or eyes of blue,
Have gain'd—what folly wanted !

To beauty's song and beauty's smile
My Muse has homage render'd
And unto many a trifling wile
Some trifling meed hath tender'd.

In praising such, my short-liv'd song
 Did all that I desir'd it :
 It liv'd, perchance, about as long
 As that which first inspir'd it.

Not such, my friend, the song for thee :—
 Did I that lyre inherit,
 Which Cowper woke ; its strings should be
 Responsive to thy merit.

Still, such a wreath as I can twine,
 Thy virtues well have won thee ;
 Could I an apter one assign,
 I'd gladly place it on thee.

Thou art not one whose path has been
 Strew'd but with summer roses ;
 With sky above of cloudless sheen,
 Which never storm discloses.

Who tread *such* paths, with graceful glee,
May cull what clusters round them ;
And, fading, may to memory be
Just like the flowers that crown'd them.

But, in the bloom of youth to tread
As through a desert dreary ;
With much to harass heart and head,
And many a care to weary ;

With much to jar each mood of joy,
With much to teaze and try thee,
With many a duty to employ
Each hour that passes by thee ;

So circumstanc'd, to cultivate
Each flower that leisure graces ;
And thus to find in spite of fate
Sweet spots in desert places ;

To do all this, yet still to be
 In social life, a woman,
 From half thy sex's follies free ;—
 Is merit far from common.

Nor think this flattery !—I've been taught
 One maxim worth receiving ;
 Which every passing day has brought
 Fresh motive for believing ;

That flattery no excuse can find !—
 'Tis loath'd as soon as tasted,
 When offer'd to a well-taught mind ;—
 And on a fool 'tis wasted !

STANZAS,

COMPOSED WHILE WALKING ON THE WARREN HILL* EARLY ON
A SUMMER'S MORNING.

LONELY and low is thy dwelling-place now,
On which the bright sunbeams are dawning;
But O! I remember the moments when thou
Wert as blythe as the breeze of the morning.

Silent and sad is the place of thy rest,
Where thou sleep'st the last slumber decreed thee;
But well I remember, when warm was that breast,
How few in gay mirth could exceed thee.

* The Warren Hill is an eminence near Woodbridge, commanding a view of the river Deben and part of the town of Woodbridge. It is perhaps one of the pleasantest walks in the vicinity: just below it is the Barrack burial-ground, in which a solitary tomb-stone is erected to the memory of W. H. Finnie, Esq. several years Barrack-Master of the Garrison at that place: a man no less respected for the uprightness of his character, than beloved for his social qualifications.

Yet, rest in thy mansion ! sleep quietly on :—

There was nought in that mirth which should cost thee,
Or those who best knew thee, one sigh now thou'rt gone ;
Were it not that too early we lost thee.

Thine was not the laughter which leaves us more sad,—
Unnatural, unheeded, unglowing ;—
'Twas a gush of enjoyment, which seem'd to be glad
To get loose from a heart overflowing.

But 'tis not the memory of moments of mirth,
Which thy claim to remembrance now gives thee ;
Their light is eclips'd by the grave !—but thy *worth*,
In spite of the grave, still outlives thee.

Thy sterling integrity, candour, and sense,
Thy benevolence frank and warm-hearted,
Which sham'd the professions of empty pretence ;—
These live —though thy life has departed.

And long shall they lend to thy lonely tomb,
 A glory like that the sun grants us ;
 When the clouds he hath set in have lost all their gloom,
 And a beautiful twilight enchants us.

Aug. 4th, 1817.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

LIKE one who, fruitlessly perchance,
 Engraves his name upon a tree,
 In hopes to win a casual glance,
 And woo remembrance still, when he
 A distant wanderer may be :—
 Thus have I claim'd a page of thine ;
 Be it but reckon'd worthy thee,
 And I shall proudly own it mine.

Jan. 5, 1818.

STANZAS,
ON THE
DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

FAREWELL to the hopes which the Nation hath cherish'd !
 To the visions of glory,—now vanish'd in gloom !
 To the prospects which dawn'd,—and for ever have perish'd !
 To the feelings we foster'd,—now chill'd in their bloom !

The oak of our Fathers, which once flourish'd proudly,
 And struck deep its roots, and its branches spread wide ;
 Which listen'd unmov'd, when the tempest roar'd loudly,
 No longer exults in its prosperous pride.

Its stem, struck by lightning, hath long since been shiver'd ;
 All its earliest boughs of their beauty been shorn ;—
 And Fate's stern decree hath to death now deliver'd
 The last sapling shoot which wav'd bright in the morn !

Not with lingering decline, or by gentle gradation,
 Did its loveliness wither, its leaves drop away ;—
 At sunset it seem'd all secure in its station,
 And was torn from its stem ere the dawning of day !

But—adieu to such images !—ours is a sorrow,
 Which can find in no image of fiction relief ;
 And the depth of its anguish forbids us to borrow
 From the Bard's brightest fancies a balm for our grief.

No ! CHARLOTTE—we need not *be taught* to deplore thee
 By the poet's warm page, or the orator's arts ;
 For the high hopes of thousands, who now sorrow o'er thee,
 Have been long turn'd to THEE in their innermost hearts.

There are those who, at seasons, with fond expectation,
 To the future look'd forward ; and fancied—in Thee
 Might yet be fulfill'd every wish of a Nation,
 Both generous and faithful, both loyal and free.

And well does each bosom's high-throbbing emotion
 Refute the base cant of the sycophant slave,
 Who would brand, as deficient in loyal devotion,
 An empire which mourns o'er thy premature grave.

But it is not as Britons and Patriots only
 That we publicly grieve :—other feelings must glow
 In the hearts of the lovely, the lov'd, and the lonely ;
 And thoughts the most tender our nature can know.

O! many a Mother, but yesterday folding
 Her lov'd infant close to her bosom with joy,
 Believ'd with delight—her own cherub beholding,
 That such would, ere long, be thy blissful employ.

But *now*! while the drops in her gentle eyes glisten,
 From the babe on her breast, for one moment forgot,
 She looks silently up, with reluctance to listen
 To the faltering tongue which relates thy sad lot.

Farewell !—and when History, telling thy story
To Britons unborn, shall thy destiny speak,
They may turn from the record of grandeur and glory,
With a sigh on each heart, and a tear on each cheek.

And those of this age, while on earth they outlive thee,
Shall, deeply regretting thy too early doom,
With feelings of anguish that pure homage give thee,
Which retires from the THRONE—to repose on the TOMB!

HAUNTS OF CHILDHOOD.

“ O long be my heart with such memories fill’d!
 Like the vase in which roses have once been distill’d;
 You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

MOORE.

WHO has not known and felt the soothing charm
 Of looking back to hours, so clear and calm,
 They seem as if they scarce were spent on earth,
 But ow’d to mere imagination birth?
 He most enjoys them, who in childhood slighted
 Their present bliss;—whose eager eye delighted
 The shadowy joys of future years to scan,
 And sigh’d, most foolishly, to be a man!

* * * * *

We need not sleep to dream.—I was not sleeping;
 But busy memory was her vigils keeping;
 And on my mind past images were thronging,
 Bringing those feelings to the past belonging;

They came so thick about me, that at last,
 I fairly lost the present in the past ;
 And, for a time, a happy boy again,
 I lost in memory's pleasure, manhood's pain.
 I stroll'd along a winding lane : a stream
 Flow'd on one side of it ; the sun's bright beam
 Was here and there reflected, gaily glancing,
 As o'er its pebbly bed that brook was dancing :
 Sometimes, so narrow were its banks, the eye
 Could scarcely trace it in its revelry ;
 Half hid by stunted bushes, on it flow'd ;
 Now still, now murmuring sweetly on its road :—
 A wooden bridge then cross'd it, and I stood
 Awhile upon that bridge in pensive mood,
 To look around me.

Straight before me rose
 A house, where all was hush'd in calm repose ;
 For 'twas a summer morning, bright and fair,
 And none of human kind were near me there :

Before the house there were some lofty trees,
 Whose topmost branches felt the morning breeze,
 And glisten'd in the sunbeams ; these among
 Were numerous rooks, attending on their young,
 Whose clamorous cawings, as they hover'd round,
 Seem'd to my ear like Music's sweetest sound.
 Below, before the house, there was a space,
 Where in two rows were set, with bloomy grace,
 Orange and lemon trees ; which to the sun
 Open'd their fragrant blossoms every one ;
 And round them bees all busily were humming,
 Cheerily to their morning labours coming :—
 And in the centre of each space beside,
 An aloe spread its prickly leaves with pride.

* * * * *

Now in the garden of that house I stray'd,
 Its flowers, its mossy turf, its walks survey'd ;
 Explor'd each nook, and roam'd through each recess,
 With pleasure, and light-hearted carelessness :
 Nor was it long before I found a walk
 Where I could think, or to myself could talk ;—

A grassy walk, with lime trees on one side,
 Bordering a pond which yet they did not hide ;
 For here and there upon its rippling bosom
 The water lily op'd her dewy blossom ;
 And at the end of this sweet walk I found
 A grotto, where I listen'd to the sound
 Of turtle-doves, which in a room above,
 Were tremulously telling tales of love.

* * * * * * *

But wherefore dwell upon these recollections,
 These hallow'd haunts of childhood's warm affections ?
 Why ? but because they rise with wings of healing,
 And hover round me ; softly, sweetly stealing
 Its bitterest pang from pain, its sting from sorrow,
 And from past blessedness fresh blessings borrow.
 O ! ere such dreams as these for ever leave me,
 Or manhood of such blameless bliss bereave me ;
 Memory, and life itself, must both be past,
 For while I live, at times, must their remembrance last.

STANZAS,
TO
WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

“ For sacred was the pen that wrote
“ Thy Father’s Friend forget thou not.”

WHEN first, like a child building houses with cards,
I mimick’d the labours of loftier bards ;
Though the fabrics I built felt each breath that came near,
Thy smiles taught me hope, and thy praise banish’d fear.

Thou didst not reprove with an Aristarch’s pride ;
Or unfeelingly chill, or uncandidly chide ;
It was not in thy nature with scorn to regard
The fresh-breathing hopes of an untutor’d Bard.

Thou knewst, whether Fame crown'd his efforts or not,
 That his love of the Muse might enliven his lot ;
 That Poesy acts like a magical charm ;
 And in seasons of care it can silently calm.

It might win him no wealth, yet its treasure would add
 To the store of his mind, what would make the heart glad ;
 That the feelings and thoughts its enchantments can cherish,
 Are too precious, too pure, and too lofty to perish.

Then accept of my thanks ! they are justly thy due :—
 And forgive me for seeking once more to renew
 A claim pronounc'd sacred, with being begun,
 By the Father once own'd, and bequeath'd to the Son.

VERSES,

RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO A
PROFESSIONAL FRIEND.

THOU art not one of those, who, by retreating
Far from the tumult of life's busy throng,
Have foster'd feelings, fair,—but, O how fleeting!—
Fraught with delight to every child of song:
Yet should I do thee, sure, ungrateful wrong,
Did I not feel a poet's warmest pride
In styling thee my patron:—since among
The few, whose partial smiles have hope supplied,
Thine, dear for friendship's sake, have never been denied.

Yet when at first I met thee, (pardon me,
I did not know thee then as now I do,)
I scarcely dared to hope that there might be
One rallying point between us:—well I knew,

By common fame, thy life to honor true ;
 Integrity unquestion'd, warm good-will ;—
 And yet I could but think how very few
 Can mingle with the world, and cherish still
 That genuine love of song which worldly feelings chill.

The panting pilgrim, who on Arab's sands
 Plods wearily along the sterile scene,
 Where far and wide a dreary waste expands ;—
 When on his eye a glimpse of living green
 Glances at distance, with what alter'd mien
 He journeys on :—hope in his bosom glows,
 And fancy's eye beholds the bickering sheen
 Of the fair streamlet, as it freshly flows,
 Beside whose brink ere long he shall at length repose.

And such the feeling was by thee excited,
 When first this volume ask'd thy friendly aid :—
 All I could ask was given, though unrequited,
 Except as far as feeble thanks repaid

Thy generous efforts ; still more grateful made
 By that unpatronizing grace, which cast
 O'er kindnesses conferr'd a partial shade,
 As wishing them to be unheeded past ;—
 Despite that delicate veil their memory long shall last.

To thee, and one like thee, whose honor'd name
 Could not be honor'd more by verse of mine,
 These fleeting pages owe their right to claim
 Existence :—and if here and there a line,
 Worthy a votary of the tuneful Nine,
 Be found to Nature's better feelings true ;
 Or in my verses aught of genius shine,
 Or passion's genuine tone, or fancy's hue ;
 Much of their meed of praise is justly due to you.

Enough of this :—'tis time such theme should end,
 Yet more might be forgiven : could he say less,
 Who in a stranger finds a stedfast friend ?
 No, surely not ; the warm heart *will* express

What generous bosoms easily may guess
 Is glowing in it :—it will entertain
 Wishes most ardent for the happiness
 Of those who've foster'd it ; nor can refrain
 E'en when expression gives a transient pain.

One of the purest blessings life can give,
 Is felt by those, who, ere its final close,
 Have given decided proof they did not live
 For themselves only :—this the parent knows,
 Who, ere he sink to Nature's last repose,
 Sees round him those who owe their all to him ;
 While the warm smile which in each visage glows
 Lends buoyant vigour to the languid limb,
 And keeps the cup of joy still mantling to its brim.

Nor less his pure delight, though far more rare,
 Who lonely,—not unlov'd ;—by ties unbound,
 Except by choice impos'd, and free as air ;—
 Attaches to him those whose hearts have found

Much in the world to inflict that rankling wound
Which disappointment deals :—O ! does not he,
(If ever bard his benefactor crown'd,)
Deserve that round his brows entwain'd should be
A wreath more deathless far than I have woven thee ?

TO THE MEMORY
OF
PETER GEDGE, ESQ.

LATE EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OF THE BURY AND NORWICH POST.

WHEN a prince, or a peer, to the grave hath descended,
We hear with distrust the bard's eloquent song;
Unconscious how far baser feelings are blended
With those which to virtuous bosoms belong.

When a friend, warmly lov'd, from this world hath departed,
The eulogiums of friendship indulgence may claim;
Yet with caution, which some may consider cold-hearted,
We pause, ere we deem them decisive of fame.

But when worth, which has undergone party's ordeal,
Comes out of its furnace like gold from the fire;
We cannot refuse to confess it is real;—
We respect and esteem; we must love and admire.

And such was *thy* worth, unto whom my muse raises
This humble memorial thy virtues have won ;
Unpurchas'd at least, and untainted by phrases
Of fulsome applause, which thy spirit would shun.

May thy children yet shed on the name they inherit
That lustre which birth-right alone cannot give ;
And be monuments still of thy memory and merit,
That long in our eyes and our hearts thou mayst live.

And may she, who, with feelings of pride and of sorrow,
Oft recurs to the character thou hast bequeath'd ;
From its brightness a balm to her widow'd heart borrow,
And forgive him whose verse with thy name is enwreath'd.

SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO

ARTHUR BIDDELL, OF PLAYFORD,

WITH A COPY OF THE FOREGOING.

ACCEPT, dear ARTHUR, for its subject's sake,
 This tribute to the name of one well known
 To thee ;—to me by character alone.
 Stern Death with mortals stoops not terms to make,
 But does his errand ;—yet he cannot take
 By his strong arm, however mighty shown,
 What boasts a power superior to his own,
 Thoughts which the silent dead alone can wake.
 And thus our better feelings, those on which
 True friendship feeds ; although they may be rent,
 Will still endure ; and livingly enrich
 The heart, by raising in some secret niche
 A sacred, soul-solacing monument
 To those with whom our happiest hours are spent.

TO MARY,

OCCASIONED BY HER HAVING ENGRAVEN ON A SEAL THE WORDS

“FORGET ME NOT.”

FORGET thee, MARY!—no, not yet;
 'Too pleasing is the pensive debt
 Which memory owes to thee;—
 Not out of mind, though out of sight;
 While retrospection claims her right,
 And friendship can afford delight,
 From all such fears—be free.

For whom would memory's magic art
 Wish to enshrine within the heart?
 O would it not be one
 Simple, ingenuous, modest, meek;—
 Whose praise we scarcely dare to speak,
 So much her eye, and changing cheek
 Each plaudit seems to shun?

Whose gentle manners, void of art,
 Can cheer and charm that wounded heart
 Which beauty could not bow ;—
 Such live in memory's ear and eye,
 Endear'd by many a tender tie,
 And though remote, are ever nigh,
 And such, dear friend, art thou.

Yet, lovely as thou art, not thine
 The praise alone ;—for this one line
 I know thou'lt not reprove me ;
 Young as thou art, thou knowst from whence
 Thy brightest charms of soul and sense ;—
 Be HE who gave them,—their defence,
 And all who know must love thee.

SONNET

TO

CHARLOTTE M——.

THOU art but in life's morning, and as yet
The world looks witchingly : its fruits and flowers
Are fair and fragrant, and its beauteous bowers
Seem haunts of happiness, before thee set,
All lovely as a landscape freshly wet
With dew, or bright with sunshine after showers ;
Where pleasure dwells, and Flora's magic powers
Woo thee to pluck joy's peerless coronet.
Thus be it ever :—wouldst thou have it so,
Preserve thy present openness of heart ;—
Cherish those generous feelings which now start
At base dissimulation, and that glow
Of native love for ties which home endears ;
And thou wilt find the world no vale of tears.

THE SOLITARY TOMB.

NOT a leaf of the tree which stood near me was stirr'd,
Though a breath might have mov'd it so lightly ;
Not a farewell note from a sweet singing bird,
Bade adieu to the sun setting brightly.

The sky was cloudless and calm, except
In the west where the sun was descending ;
And there the rich tints of the rainbow slept
As his beams with their beauty were blending.

And the evening star, with its ray so clear,
So tremulous, soft, and tender,
Had lit up its lamp, and shot down from its sphere
Its dewy, delightful splendor.

And I stood, all alone, on that gentle hill,
 With a landscape so lovely before me ;
 And its spirit and tone, so serene and still
 Seem'd casting its mantle o'er me.

Far off was the Deben, whose briny flood
 By its winding banks was sweeping ;
 And just at the foot of the hill where I stood,
 The dead in their damp graves were sleeping.

How lonely and lovely their resting place seem'd !
 An enclosure which care could not enter :—
 And how sweetly the grey lights of evening gleam'd,
 On the solitary tomb in its centre !

When at morn, or at eve, I have wander'd near,
 And in various lights have view'd it,
 With what differing forms, unto friendship dear,
 Hath the magic of fancy endued it.

Sometimes it hath seem'd like a lonely sail,
 A white spot on the emerald billow ;
 Sometimes like a lamb, in a low grassy vale,
 Stretch'd in peace on its verdant pillow.

But no image of gloom, or of care, or strife,
 Hath it ever given birth to one minute ;
 For lamented in death, as beloved in life,
 Was he, who now slumbers within it.

He was one who in youth on the stormy seas
 Was a far and a fearless ranger ;
 Who, borne on the billow, and blown by the breeze,
 Had deem'd lightly of death or of danger.

Yet in this rude school had his heart still kept
 All the freshness of gentlest feeling ;
 Nor in woman's warm eye hath a tear ever slept,
 More of softness and kindness revealing.

And here, when the bustle of youth was past,
He lived ;—and he loved ;—and he died too ;—
O ! why was affection, which death could outlast,
A more lengthen'd enjoyment denied to ?

But here he slumbers !—and many there are
Who love that lone tomb, and revere it ;—
And one far off, who, like eve's dewy star,
Though at distance, in fancy dwells near it.

SONNET

TO

A FRIEND, ON HIS SECOND MARRIAGE.

To Hymen's shrine, where once thy vows were paid,
 Thou hast been on pilgrimage again; and now
 Thy evening fire, whose fitful radiance play'd
 Often for us alone; lights up a brow,
 And eye, and cheek, which by its dancing rays
 Look lovelily;—and make the circle round
 One upon which thy gladden'd eye may gaze
 Untired, 'till thy heart owns its wishes crown'd.
 May health, and home-born bliss, and calm content
 Long haunt the spot! and still increasing love
 Of her, now own'd its brightest ornament,
 An ample source of purest pleasure prove.
 That you may both confess each hope fulfill'd,
 On which love prompted you *again* to build.

INTRODUCTORY VERSES

TO THE

TRIUMPH OF THE ORWELL;

A BALLAD, WRITTEN TO COMMEMORATE THE LAUNCH OF THE
ORWELL INDIAMAN.

DAUGHTERS of ORWELL! you to whom
 The stream I sing hath long been known;
 Who prize its banks when Spring's gay bloom
 In lavish loveliness is shown;—
 Or Summer's radiance rests upon
 Its breast, with bright and dazzling beam;
 Or Autumn's tints, of tenderer tone,
 Along its borders richly gleam:—

By whom but *you* should ORWELL's praise
 Be welcom'd with indulgent ear?
 From whom should minstrel, who essays
 To tell its triumphs, hope to hear

Those plaudits, to the Poet dear,
But *You*?—then while the strain I wake,
With favouring smiles vouchsafe to hear,
Not for my own, but ORWELL's sake.

So may you, many a future Spring,
Behold its beauteous banks supplied
With renovated charms, which bring
Admiring strangers to its side.
Or when the Summer's fervid pride
Invites you on its waves to sail;
Be it yours to skim its flowing tide
With sky serene, and gentle gale.

Or if mild Autumn's mellow eve
Should lure you on its banks to stray,
Just when the sun is taking leave,
And sheds aslant his softest ray

On groves, and gardens, late so gay,
 Where varying tints still richly shine,
 And pensive gleams of brightness play,
 Attendant on the day's decline ;—

Then in that calm and peaceful hour,
 May you with chasten'd feelings bless
 The dear delight, the silent power,
 Of Nature's fading loveliness !
 And gazing, gratefully confess
 In voiceless extasy, how dear,—
 Far dearer than the gay can guess,—
 The parting glories of the year.

Nor think such feelings will expire
 When wintry storms obscure the sky ;
 No : oft beside the social fire
 Shall Memory bring them to your eye ;

And lonelier hours glide swiftly by,

Beguil'd by those which sped before them,—

Fancy shall make you feel them nigh,

And Hope shall whisper, “ I'll restore them.”

“THOU ART GONE TO THE LAND OF THE LEAL.”

THOU art gone to the land of the leal, and the bell
 Is mournfully tolling thy funeral knell ;
 Within the dark coffin is pillow'd thy head,
 And without it the pall for a covering spread ;—
 From the home which thy presence so long has endear'd,
 Where thy smiles were lov'd, and thy worth was rever'd,
 To the last earthly home, where thy reliques shall rest,
 Thou art journeying in peace !—Be thy memory blest !
 And blest it shall be :—for thou dost not descend
 To the cold grave unhonor'd ;—the grief of each friend,
 The sigh of the poor, and the sorrow of those
 Who were link'd to thee closest, attended thy close.
 O ! often before me thy image shall pass,
 Like a shadow reflected from memory's glass ;
 With thy time-silver'd locks, and those spirits, whose play
 Seem'd fresh from the fount of life's earliest day ;
 And the vision, thus brought, to my bosom shall be
 Ever welcome, if bearing the semblance of thee !

VERSES,

TO HER WHO IS JUSTLY ENTITLED TO THEM.

IN childhood thy kindness has often caress'd me,
 Its memory is mix'd with my earliest days ;
 It brighten'd my boyhood, in manhood it bless'd me,
 It thought not of thanks, and it pined not for praise.

Can I, in thy evening, forget the mild brightness
 Which beam'd in thy zenith, and shines round thee still ?
 No :—ere I forget thee must memory be sightless,
 And the heart thou hast cherish'd death only can chill.

Long, long since belov'd, now as warmly respected,
 To my fancy thou seemst like some time-honor'd tree ;
 And the plant, which thy fostering shadow protected,
 Still looks up with filial fondness to thee.

Stern Winter's bleak blasts, sweeping by, may have sear'd thee,
The moss of old age be thy livery now ;
But much still survives which has justly endear'd thee ;
Some greenness still graces each gently bent bough.

May that sun, which must set, in descending enwreath thee
With a mild pensive splendor no cloud can o'er cast ;
And all that has flourish'd around and beneath thee,
Will preserve thy remembrance when sunset is past.

THE
AUTHOR'S PARTING ADDRESS
TO THE MUSE.

“ I care not whether this you read, or no,
Or whether you believe it, if you do :
For this I care not ; and I vow no less
I care not who dislikes my carelessness.”—WITHERS.

OUR task is ended now, and we may part,
As lovers do when Fate and Fortune frown ;
With some foreboding heaviness of heart,
Each struggle quell'd, each stubborn sigh kept down :—
Experience cools “ the fever of renown ;”—
More serious duties claim increasing care ;—
Nor glimpse of future fame, nor laurel crown
Can woo me with their soul-seducing snare ;
Since Prudence bids me shun, what Hope once bade me share.

And yet, like truant school-boy, I have known
The dear delights of stolen liberty ;
And bow'd at times before thy magic throne,
Like one half conscious of idolatry,

And half ashamed ;—for thou hast been to me

“ My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;”

’Twas loneliness first led to love of thee :—

Hence, before men though I have oft denied
Thy name, in secret still I’ve call’d thee to my side.

There is a cause for this :—thou know’st there is ;

Ask of thy numerous worshippers, and they
Can truly tell what empty meed is his,

Who, fondly prompted unto thee to pay
His votive vows, and hail thee with his lay,

Deems thou wilt grant the barren boon he craves ;—
One in a thousand wins a wreath of bay,

Which o’er his brow in sterile splendor waves ;
The rest in mute despair crouch before Mammon’s slaves.

“ Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre,”

Like many a lofty precept, potent seems,
Till prov’d by sage experience :—but the fire

Unfed, is soon extinct ; and when the dreams

Of proud distinction, and the fancied gleams
 Of future fame, fade from the mental eye ;
 What wonder if the bright and witching beams
 Thy brow once wore, when its first majesty
 Dawn'd on thy votary's view, should seem a dream gone by ?

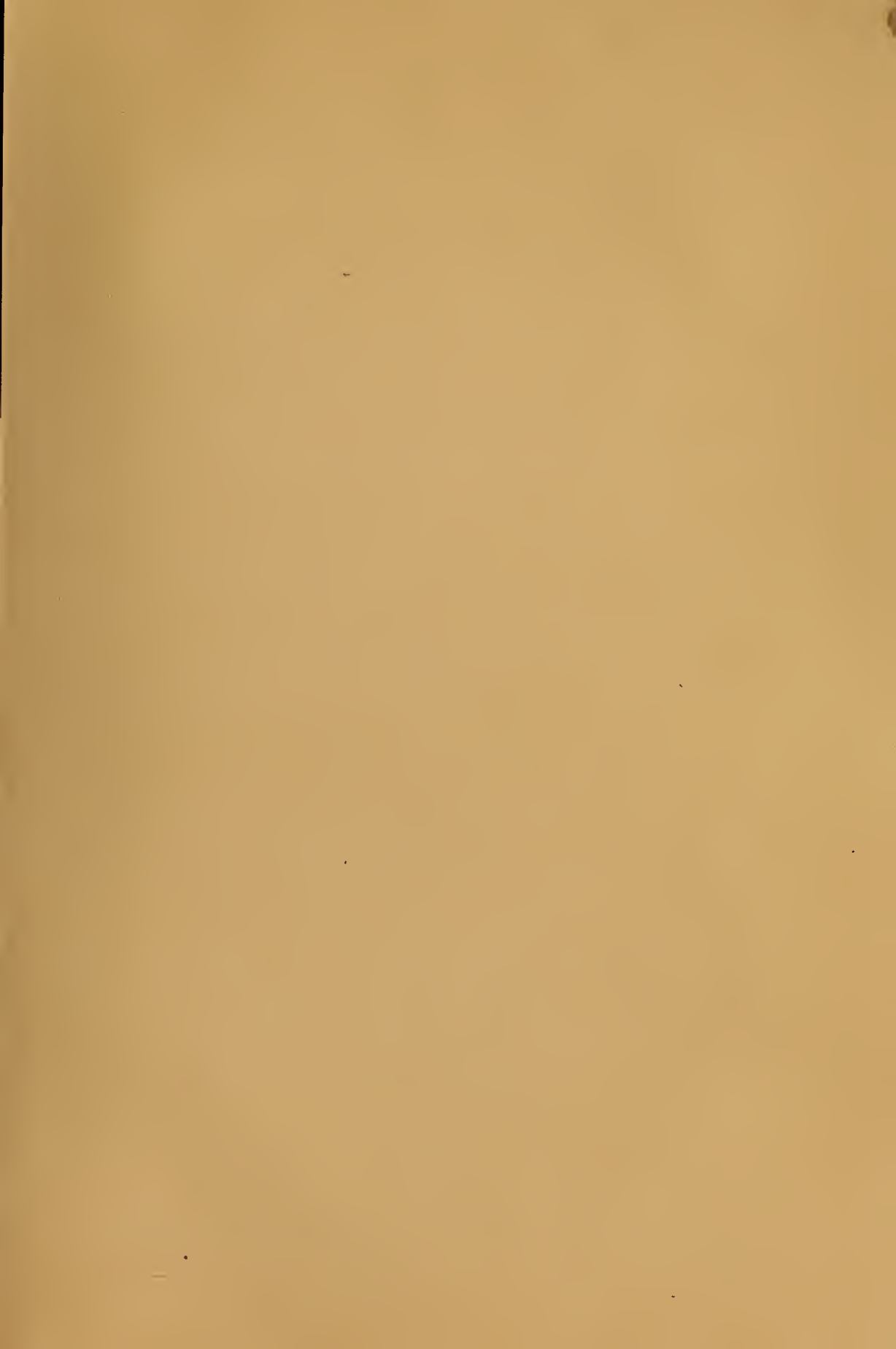
Happy, if this were all ; but worse remains ;—
 There are who have profess'd themselves to be
 Thy worshippers, whose souls have worn the chains
 Of lust, ambition, avarice, sophistry ;
 Who, mindless of the homage sworn to thee,
 Have bow'd to baser idols, pomp and power ;
 Or in false glory's fane have bent the knee ;—
 And thereby forfeited the deathless dower
 They might have shar'd with thee in lone sequester'd bower.

Thus hath apostacy, from that pure spirit
 Befitting thee, and those who use thy name,
 Made it a dubious gift for man to inherit
 A bard's desires, or seek a poet's fame :—

Yet, fickle as thou art, not thine the shame
 Of this degeneracy ;—when man shall learn
 His real interest, and his noblest aim,
 With genuine love to thee shall thousands turn,
 And pure and hallow'd fires shall on thy altar burn.

When man shall know the real worth of wealth,
 And prize it for that worth ;—when truth shall keep
 The heart, and heart's affections in sound health
 By love's unerring law ;—when man shall weep
 To see the murdering sword its lustre steep
 In human blood, and shun false glory's fane ;—
 Then shall thy songs of triumph proudly sweep
 From realm to realm, from billowy main to main,
 And freedom, peace, and love with thee for ever reign !

FINIS.



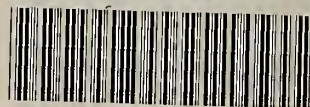
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